

## FRENCH DIG WAY INTO TRENCHES OF THEIR FOES

Wounded Officers Tell of Fierce Hand to Hand Fight With Bombs.

WIVES RISK THEIR LIVES

Meet Soldier-Husbands at Front Just for a Kiss or a Word as They Pass Through a Town—Pathos in Many Reunions.

By RENE ARCOS.

(Correspondent of Chicago Daily News.)  
Near the French Front.—Two wounded French officers have given me an account of the recent fighting near Berry-au-Bac. They came and pounded on the door of this wayside inn 12 kilometers (7.2 miles) behind the firing line late at night. The proprietress, fearing that gendarmes had come to arrest her for selling drinks after eight o'clock, did not answer at first, but new pounding kicking and shouting caused her to change her mind.

There entered a second lieutenant and an adjutant, both wounded, one supporting the other. One was wounded in the arm and one in the leg. The second lieutenant was gay and looked well, but how shall I describe the poor adjutant? A rough beard filled the hollows of his cheeks and his pale blue eyes shone with fever. He fell moaning into a chair and seemed to lose consciousness until a plate of steaming soup was placed under his nose.

Wounded Soldiers Tell Stories.

Wine and the warmth of the room gradually reanimated him and he began to relate his exploits. Both officers belonged to the same regiment of infantry and both were wounded a day before. The lieutenant's first words were:

"You cannot imagine how strange seems to see a civilian again. For three months I have seen nothing but French and German soldiers and I had begun to believe that there was not a civilian left in the world."

These men had been fighting virtually every day and night in the last two months. Their trenches had been advancing steadily at the rate of about fifty yards a week. They had attacked the German trenches hundreds of times and been attacked an equal number of times. Projectiles had torn their uniforms. Their regiment, digging underground, had here and there burst into the midst of the German trenches. The other evening a section of their comrades composed of 50 men had been surprised and captured. The adjutant could not get over this.

"Those lazy rascals fell asleep despite the music of the shrapnel," he said. "It is true they had not slept for several days and nights before."

Attack the German Trenches.

The lieutenant then related how he and his companion were wounded. Toward ten o'clock on the preceding evening it was decided to attack the German trenches. The French silently left their underground cover and crept forward. They were discovered when a few yards from their goal, but it was too late and the Germans were overwhelmed.

"We saw them running like rats into their hole," said the lieutenant. "Having advanced 50 yards at one stroke, it was necessary for us to hold this precious gain. Naturally, the German trenches were arranged for defense toward the French trenches. Now the French set to

work to make the trenches defensible from the other side. Sacks of cement were hastily brought, dipped into water and laid end to end along the trenches and packed with dirt. The French then desired to rest a little, but the Germans, wishing to win back the lost position before the French completed the defenses, poured out of their earthworks and advanced.

Hurl Grenades as Foes Advance.

"Don't speak a word," ordered our captain. "Keep still, bring up some boxes of preserves quietly and wait." The Germans came forward at a dog trot in compact masses. "Wait," repeated the captain. "Don't fire a single shot. We are going to play a little game of massacre. Let each man take two grenades and keep well hidden behind the sacks."

"When the Germans were only a few yards away the captain shouted at the top of his lungs: 'Use all the grenades you wish, my children.' The terrible bombs bursting in the ranks caused unbelievable carnage."

"They yelled like pigs slayed alive," said the lieutenant placidly. "It did not take long to clean them up, but several of them fired back at us while retreating. This is how we two were caught."

Gives Autoist Password.

These little hotels close behind the lines present an ever changing variety of war pictures. Besides wounded soldiers there are others who come on errands and who want a solid meal before returning to the trenches. Here, also, are refugees from villages under fire and women come to try and see their husbands who are wounded or stationed in the neighborhood. Transport automobiles stop before the door, the chauffeurs buy each other drinks and depart with faces somewhat redder than before. Yesterday I saw a noncommissioned officer carefully confiding the password to an automobilist who desired to continue along the road.

Near by was another noncommissioned officer hugging a little child with exuberant joy, while his wife, who had just arrived, stood by. This soldier had not seen his little family for three months and wished to have everyone share his pleasure. He turned his beaming countenance right

and left and as his eyes met mine he said:

"It is fine to see one's little world again. I asked myself when I went away if I should ever see this little doll again."

How Wives Meet Their Husbands.

While his wife told him all the small happenings of the last three months he continued to kiss his diminutive hair. Some wives who come far to see their husbands are less lucky, for the regulations are very strict. However, conjugal love inspires some ingenious ruses.

There is a young woman here who is the wife of an officer on the firing line. Knowing the difficulty of approaching the lines, I did not conceal from her that her enterprise seemed doomed to failure, but she smiled quietly and assured me that, nevertheless she would see her husband. After enjoying my astonishment, she explained that her husband had written her that he goes almost daily to carry orders on horseback, 15 kilometers (nine miles) behind the lines. She had only to go to a certain village and wait between six and nine o'clock in the morning in a church where he would go daily until he saw her. They could thus meet and nobody would be the wiser.

"I am leaving for this village at four o'clock tomorrow morning," said the young woman. "I do not dare to go to bed tonight for fear I should oversleep."

Lives in Cellar Eight Weeks.

Last night there was in the dining room a family of ragged, taciturn peasants from some untenable farm near the front. Beside them a solitary young woman ate without appetite. She was from Reims, where she had been living in a cellar for eight weeks. In a countenance of a cadaverous pallor shone two blinking eyes with reddened lids. From the sleeves of her black dress issued white fleshless arms on which the veins stood out like cords. Her whole appearance bore witness to terrible debility and her bearing still breathed dread. As she bent down to rearrange her skirt with her hand her wedding ring fell and rolled away. "I am so thin it won't stay on my finger any more," she said. Insignificant though the incident was it was more moving than I can say.

## ARE REWARDED FOR HEROISM

Fifty-Nine British Officers Honored With the Distinguished Service Order.

London.—The Distinguished Service Order has been awarded to 59 officers of all arms, from the special reserves to the guards. Thirty-nine of them have been given to lieutenants or second lieutenants.

Among those receiving the award is Lord Alastair Robert Innes-Ker. It was given him for "conspicuous courage with the advance squadron at Krussek in bringing wounded men out of action under a heavy fire."

Lord Innes-Ker, who is a captain in the Royal Horse guards, recently was reported as having been wounded in action.

## HAS A BARBARA FRIETCHIE

South African Woman Binds on British Flag and Dares Boers to Molest It.

London.—South Africa has a Barbara Frietchie. She is Mrs. Piennar, who resides at Winburg, Union of South Africa. When General De Wet, heading the rebels, captured the town, some of his troops hauled down the British flag from the courthouse and hung it in the dirt. Mrs. Piennar snatched it up and brushed it off and bound it around her waist.

"You haven't touch it," she declared. "I'll carry it and when decent people return we'll hoist it again."

Dispatches say Mrs. Piennar was cursed by the rebels, but they did not offer to molest her.

His soldier comrades are raising a fund for a monument on which is to be inscribed "Marquis—Killed on the Field of Honor."

## RUSES FOOL THE GERMANS

Indian Troops Praised by General French for Their Initiative and Resourcefulness.

London.—In a report on the British operations in Belgium and France Field Marshal Sir John French says of the Indian troops:

"Since their arrival in this country and their occupation of the line allotted to them I have been much impressed by the initiative and resource displayed by the Indian troops. Some of the ruses they have employed to deceive the enemy have been attended with the best results and have doubtless kept the superior forces in front of them at bay.

"Our Indian sappers and miners have long enjoyed a high reputation for skill and resource. Without going into detail, I can confidently assert that throughout their work in this cam-

## RESTING IN CAMP



British soldiers on the Belgian-French frontier awaiting orders to go to the firing line.

## Heroine Is Honored.

Vienna.—Austria has bestowed the cross of the Francis Joseph order on the wife of a lieutenant who followed her husband into the field and even into the trenches, and displayed conspicuous bravery.

## Where He Gets His Training.

"Yes, he's an awful hustler. Always ahead of time. Seems to anticipate everything. Used to be a newsboy."

"I see. Probably sold six o'clock editions at noon!"

paign they have fully justified that reputation.

"The general officer commanding the Indian army describes the conduct and bearing of these troops in strange and new surroundings to have been highly satisfactory, and I am enabled from my own observations to fully corroborate this statement."

## War Helps American Music.

Philadelphia.—The European war is proving a great boon to American musicians, composers and teachers, according to Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, professor of music at the University of Pennsylvania, who addressed the annual convention of the Sinfonia Phi Mu Alpha fraternity.

"The war has been the means of overthrowing the great European fetish which was held sacred by Americans," he said. "Formerly no American artist could appear as a soloist with an orchestra unless he could claim foreign birth."

"The American public is beginning to see the true worth of their artists and will hereafter furnish the support which they have so long denied."

## For the LITTLE ONES

### EXCESSIVE ATHLETICS HURT

Coach Courtney of Cornell Recommends That Universities Take Entire Control of Sports.

Mr. Courtney, the Cornell rowing coach, who for many years has been actively identified with university athletics, has spoken out strongly against the system under which university athletics are conducted. "If athletics are not a good thing, they ought to be abolished. If they are a good thing for the boys, it would seem to me wise for the university to take over and control absolutely every branch of sport; do away with this boy management; stop this foolish squandering of money; and see that the athletics of the university are run in a rational way."

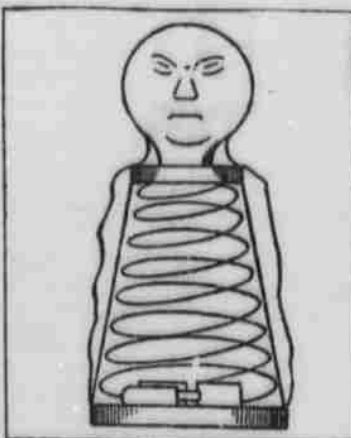
Besides making these criticisms and recommendations, Mr. Courtney has commented on the declining standards of university athletes, as measured by their class work. According to him, an increasing number of men who engage in university athletics show a mediocre rank in scholarship. Formerly the university athlete of distinction was desired and sought for upon graduation by business men; he was presumed to have qualities that would make him exceptionally useful or successful. Now the athlete is no longer in such high demand; instead, it is the man who has shown special capacity in the more technical or scientific branches of his college training. The celebrated athlete, it begins to appear, is so specialized in athletics as not to seem promising for any other pursuit. He is no longer the "all-around man" that his predecessor of a past generation was thought to be.

Very likely these generalizations are not wholly fair to the present-day athlete or to present-day athletics. They are significant, however, as indicating a gradual change that is taking place in public opinion.

## CRIES LIKE A HUMAN BABY

But Unlike the Real Infant, Its Noises Are Under Control—Doll Is Built on a Spring.

Something new in doll babies is making its way into the nurseries, the recent invention of a German. The baby is built on a spring, which maintains the body part in a distended condition. When this is collapsed as by a squeeze of the hand the air is permitted to escape readily, but in



Baby With a Real Cry.

assuming its normal shape under the action of the spring the outside air is drawn into the interior and in its passage a noise like that made by an infant in crying is made.

## Shining Shore.

Parson.—Of course you want to go to heaven when you die, my lad? All good boys go there!

Boy.—Then it's heaven for mine! If there's anything I like it's punching a good boy.—Puck.

## Slow Sleeper.

Bridget, a servant girl, was taken to task for oversleeping herself. "Well, ma'am," she said, "I sleep very slow and so it takes me a long while to get me night's rest."

## Correct!

Sunday School Teacher.—William, what must we do before we can expect forgiveness of sin?

William.—Sin.—Judge.

## Reason for a Hat.

Why does a miller wear a white hat?

Ans.—To cover his head.

## As the Crab Said.

As the crab said to the snufftaker, "Have a pinch with me."

## ANTS TALK WITH "FEELERS"

One of the Most Interesting Discoveries of Insect Life Is That of the Antennae Language.

Of the many discoveries that have been made about our insect friends, perhaps the most interesting is that of the antennae language. Many boys and not a few girls have watched the movements of a large body of ants, and have been struck by the fact that they seem able to communicate with one another by means of the long, stem-like objects protruding from their heads. These are called in science "antennae," but a good name for them is "feelers," and a very fitting one it is, for when ants are



Ants "Talking" by Crossing Their "Feelers."

awake and in action, these organs are kept continually moving in front and on either side, touching the various objects in their path, as though they would "feel" their way.

These "feelers," at least in the case of ants, are even more important than eyes. They determine the form of objects; they locate the individual trail or path of their kind; they distinguish friends from foes; they test the quality of food and of all other objects, and, in an elementary way make records in their memories for use on succeeding occasions.

## OVERCOMING SPIRIT OF WAR

First Thing for Boys to Do Is to Recognize Men as Men, Despite Their Race or Country.

When this hideous war is over all the nations will be filled with the spirit of hate, for without hate there could be no war, writes David Starr Jordan in Boys' Life. It is for you boys to try and overcome this spirit, to help each man and each other to realize that men are men, wherever they may live or whatever language they may speak.

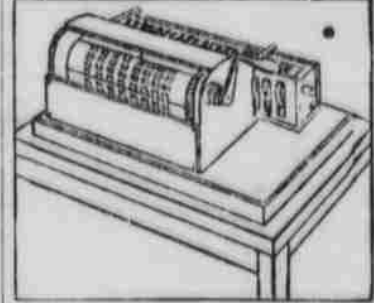
A boy in one of the continental countries now at war told me once that he saw soldiers of a neighboring country going away on the train. One soldier leaned out of the window, put his arm on his mother's shoulder and reached down to kiss her. The boy was greatly surprised. He had been taught to hate the people of that neighbor country, and he thought they were not human. He did not know they loved their mothers just as he did. When he knew that, he did not want to fight them, but wanted to make them friends.

If a nation is victorious, it has at the end the same troubles it would have had if it had been vanquished. War is a two-edged sword without any hilt, and it cuts every one that wields it. And as bad as the sting of defeat is the curse of victory. The defeated nation wants to fight again, to revenge itself; and the victorious nation wants to fight again because it feels sure that it is strong enough to whip anybody. And each of them hates the other, without sense, without reason.

## AUTOMATIC ADDING MACHINE

Illustration of Progressiveness of China and Japan Shown in Invention of New Device.

Most of us are familiar with the original abacus, invented by the Chinese, with its colored balls strung on wires. Now a Japanese has shown the wide difference between the progressiveness of those two nations by



Automatic Abacus.

inventing the calculating machine seen here. This machine has a plurality of registering wheels and a rotary drum, with banks of indicating keys mounted upon it, one set to each registering wheel. To compute a certain sum, for instance, you strike the right indicating keys on the drum and then turn the handle, causing the drum to revolve. These indicator keys having been thrown into position, strike other mechanism on the registering wheels and form a combination, which is the result of your addition or multiplication or whatever it may be.

## HONOR IS PAID DEAD DOG

Marquis, Regimental Dispatch Bearer, Is Mentioned in French General Orders.

Dunkirk.—Marquis, the regimental dispatch dog of the Twenty-third French infantry, has been mentioned in the orders of the day, having fallen in duty at the battle of Sarrebourg on the Belgian frontier.

At this action it became necessary for an officer to send a report immediately to his superior, but at the time the German fire was too intense to allow a man to cross the fire zone and Marquis was charged with the mission.

Off he ran, across the fire-swept zone, and arrived nearly at the objective point when a German ball struck him in the right side and brought him down. He struggled to his feet, though losing a great deal of blood, and dragged himself up to the position where the officer was directing a section of machine guns. He let fall the order, reddened by his blood, and breathed his last.